

LVCREE



Countess Lindley

1810  
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TO THE RIGHT  
HONORABLE, HENRY  
Wriothesley, Earle of South-  
hampton, and Baron of  
Fitchfield.

**T**HIS loue I dedicate  
to your Lordship is with-  
out end: wherof this Pam-  
phlet without beginning is but a  
superfluous Moltie. The warrant I  
haue of your Honourable disposi-  
tion, not the worth of my yngratord  
Lines makes it assured of accep-  
tance. What I haue done is yours,

A.ii. what

*The Epistle dedicatorie.*

what I haue to doe is yours, being  
part in all I haue, deuoted yours.  
VVere my worth greater, my due-  
ty would shewe greater, meane-  
time, as it is, it is bound to your  
Lordship; To whome I wish  
long life stil lengthened  
with all happi-  
nesse.

*Take Lordships in all  
duetie,*

*William Shakespeare.*





## THE ARGVMENT.

**L**Ucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his owne father in law Seruius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the Romaine lawes and customes, not requiring or staying for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kingdome: went accompanied with his sonnes and other noble men of Rome, to besiege Ardea, during which siege, the principall men of the Army meeting one euening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius the kings sonne, in their discourses after supper, euery one commended the vertues of his owne wife: among whom Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastitie of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome, & intending by their secret sodaine arrivall to make triall of that which euery one had before auouched, onely Colatinus findes his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maides, the other Ladies were all found dauncing and reuelling, or in severall disports: whereupon the Noble men yeelded Colatinus the victorie, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being enflamed with Lucrece beautie, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest backe to the Campe: from whence he shortly after pri-

willowish drew himselfe, and was (according to  
his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lu-  
crece at Colatium. The same night, hee tre-  
cherously stealeth into her Chamber, violently  
ranisht her, and early in the morning speedeth a-  
way. Lucrece in this lamentable plight, hastily  
dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her fa-  
ther, another to the Campe for Colatine. They  
came, the one accompanied with Iunius Brutus,  
the other with Publius Valerius: and finding  
Lucrece attired in mourning habite, deman-  
ded the cause of her sorrow. Shee first taking an  
oath of them for her reuenge, reuealed the actor,  
and whole manner of his dealing, and withall so-  
dainely stabbed her selfe. Which done, with one  
consent, they all vowed to roote out the whole ha-  
ted familie of the Tarquins: and bearing the  
dead bodie to Rome, Brutus acquainted the peo-  
ple with the doer and manner of the vile deede:  
with a bitter inuective against the tyranny of the  
King, wherewith the people were so mooued, that  
with one consent, and a generall acclamation,  
the Tarquins were all exiled, and the  
state government, changed from  
Kings to Consuls.

THE



## THE RAPE OF LV- CRECE.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustlesse wings of false desire, (host  
Lust-breathed TARQUIN, leanes the Romain  
And to Colatium beares the lightlesse fire,  
Which in pale embers hid, lurkes to aspire,  
And girdle with embracing flames, the wast,  
Of COLATINES faire loue, LVCRECE the chaste.

Hap'ly that name of chaste, vnhap'ly ser  
This batelesse edge on his keene appetite:  
When COLATINE vnwisely did not let,  
To praise the cleare vnmatched red and white,  
Which triumpht in that skie of his delight:  
Where mortall stars as bright as heauens beames,  
With pure aspects did him peculiar ducties.

For he the night before in Tarquins tent,  
Vnlockt the treasure of his happie state:  
What pricelesse wealth the heauens had him lent,  
In the possession of his beauteous mate.  
Reckning his fortune at such high proud rate,  
That Kings might be espowd to more fame,  
But King nor Princes to such a peerlesse dime.

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

O happinesse enjoy'd but of a few,  
 And if possesse as soone decayed and done:  
 As is the mornings fluer melting dew,  
 Against the golden splendour of the Sonne,  
 An expir'd date cancel'd ere well begunne.  
 Honour and beautie in the owners armes,  
 Are weakelie fortrest from a world of harmes.

Beautie it selfe doth of it selfe perswade,  
 The eyes of men without an Orator,  
 What needeth then Apologies be made  
 To set forth that which is so singuler?  
 Or why is Colatine the publisher  
 Of that rich iewel he should keepe vnknown,  
 From thocruel eares because it is his owne?

Perchance his boast of LVCRECE Sou'raigntie,  
 Suggested this proud issue of a King:  
 For by our cares our hearts oft tainted be:  
 Perchance that enuie of so rich a thing  
 Brauing compare, disdainefully did sting (vane,  
 His high pitcht thoughts that meaner men should  
 That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some vntimely<sup>ie</sup> thought did instigate,  
 His all too timelesse speede, if none of those,  
 His honor, his affaires, his friends, his state,  
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes,  
 To quench the coale which in his liuer glows.  
 O rash false heate, wrapt in repentant cold,  
 Thy hastie spring still blasts and nere grows old.  
When

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

When at Colatia this false Lord arriv'd,  
Well was he welcom'd by the Romaine dame,  
Within whose face beautie and vertue striu'd,  
Which of them both should vnderprop her fame.  
When vertue brag'd, Beautie would blush for shame,  
When beautie boasted blushes, in despite  
Vertue would staine that ore with siluer white.

But beautie in that white entituled,  
From Venus doves doth challenge that faire field,  
Then vertue claimes from beautie, beauties red,  
Which vertue gaue the golden age, to guild  
Their siluer cheekes, and cald it then their shield,  
Teaching them thus to vse it in the fight,  
Whē shame assaile, the red should seape the white.

This Herauldry in LVCRECEs face was seene,  
Argued by beauties red and vertues white,  
Of eithers colour was the other Queene:  
Prouing from worldes minoritie their right,  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:  
The soueraignty of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange ech others seat.

This silent warre of Lillies and of Roses,  
Which TARKYIN vew'd in her faire faces field,  
In their pure ranks his traytor eye encloues,  
Where least betweene them both it should be killd,  
The coward captiue vanquished, doeth yeeld  
To those two armies that would let him goe,  
Rather then triumph in so false a foe.

Now

## THE RAPE OF EVCRECKE

Now thinkes he that her husbands shallow tongue,  
The niggard prodigall that praisde her so:  
In that high taske hath done her beautie wrong.  
Which farre exceeds his barren skill to show.  
Therefore that praise which COLATINE doth owe,  
Inchanted TARQUIN answers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

(This earthly saint adored by this deuill,  
Little suspecteth the false worshipper:  
"For vntaind thoughts do seldome dream on euill.  
"Birdes neuer lim'd, no secret bushes feare:  
So guiltlesse thee securely giues good cheare,  
And reuerend welcome to her princely guest,  
Whose inward ill no outward harme exprest.

For that he colourd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in pleats of Maiestie:  
That nothing in him seemde inordinate,  
Sane sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
Which hauing all, all could not satisfie;  
But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,  
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

(But she that neuer cop't with straunger eyes,  
Could picke no meaning from their parling lookes,  
Nor read the subtil shining secrecies,  
Writ in the glasie margents of such bookes,  
Shee toucht no vknown baits, nor feard no hookes,  
Nor could shee moralize his wanton fight,  
More then his eyes were opend to the light.

He

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

stories to her eares her husbands fame,  
borne in the fieldes of fruitfull Italie:  
and decks with prayles Colatines high name,  
made glorious by his manlie chivalrie,  
with bruised armes and wreathes of victorie,  
Her ioye with heaued-vp hand she doth expresse,  
And wordlesse so greetes heauen for his successe.

far from the purpose of his comming thither,  
he makes excuses for his being there,  
to clowdie show of stormie blustering wether,  
both yet in his faire welkin once appeare,  
ill fable Night mother of dread and feare,  
Vppon the world dim darknesse doth display,  
And in her vaultie prison, stowes the day.

or then is Tarquin brought vnto his bed,  
attending wearinesse with heauie sprite:  
for after supper long he questioned,  
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night,  
Now leaden slumber with liues strength doth fight,  
And euery one to rest themselues betake, (wake.  
Sawe theenes, and cares, and troubled minds that

As one of which doth Tarquin lie reuoluing  
The sundrie dangers of his wils obtayning:  
Yet euer to obtaine his will reuoluing. (ning  
Though weake-built hopes perswade him to abstain  
Dispaire to gaine doth traffique oft for gaining,  
And when great treasure is the meede proposed,  
Though death be adiudged, ther's no death supposed.  
Those

## THE RAPE OF IVCRECE

Those that much couet are with gaine so fond,  
Of That what they haue hot, that which they possesse  
They scatter and vnloose it from their bond,  
And so by hoping more they haue but lesse,  
Or gaining more, the profite of excesse  
Is but to surfet, and such griefes sustaine, (gaine  
That they prooue backtrot in this poore rich

The ayme of all is but to nourse the life,  
With honor, wealth, and ease in wayning age:  
And in this ayme there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage:  
As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,  
Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost  
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be  
The things we are, for that which we expect:  
And this ambitious soule infirmitie,  
In hauing much torments vs with defect  
Of that we haue: so then we doe neglect  
The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,  
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting T A R Q V I N make,  
Pawning his honor to obtaine his lust,  
And for himselfe, himselfe he must forsake.  
Then where is truth if there be no selfe-trust  
When shall he thinke to finde a stranger lust,  
When he himselfe himselfe confoundes, betraies,  
To selandrous tongues & wretched hateful daies?

Now



## THE RAPE OF LYCRECE.

w stole vpon the time the dead of night,  
 when heauie sleepe had closd vp mortall eyes,  
 comfortable starre did lend his light,  
 noife but Owles, & wolues death-boding cries  
 w serues the season that they may surpris  
 The fillie Lambes, pure thoughts are dead & still,  
 While lust and Murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustfull Lord leapt from his bed,  
 throwing his mantle rudely ore his arme,  
 madly tost betwene desire and dred;  
 One sweetly flatters, th'other feareth harme,  
 th'one honest feare, bewicht with lustes foule charme;  
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
 Beaten away by brain sicke rude desire.

As Faulcon on a flint he softly smiteth,  
 that from the cold stone sparkes of fire doo flie,  
 therat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
 which must be lodestarre to his lustfull eye.  
 And to the flame thus speaks admittidly  
 As from this cold flint I enforce this fire,  
 So LYCRECE must I force to my desire.

ere pale with feare he doth premeditate  
 the dangers of his lothsome enterprise  
 and in his inward minde he doth debate  
 what following sorrow may on this arise  
 when looking somersally, he doth despise  
 His naked armour of still slaughterd lust,  
 And fully thus controule his thought and lust.

False

## THE RAPE OF LVEREE.

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not  
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine:  
 And die vnhalloved thoughts, before you blot  
 With your vncleannesse, that which is diuine:  
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:  
 Let faire humanitie abhor the deede, (wee  
 That spots & stains loues modest snow-white

O shame to knighthood, and to shining armes,  
 O foule dishonor to my households graue:  
 O impious act including all foule harmes.  
 A martiall man to be soft fancies slaue,  
 True valour still a true respect should haue,  
 Then my digression is so vile, so base,  
 That it will liue engrauen in my face.

Yea though I die the scandale will suruiue,  
 And be an eye-sore in my golden coate:  
 Some lothsome dath the Herrald will contriue,  
 To cipher me how fondly I did dote:  
 That my posteritie shalld with the note  
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sinne,  
 To wisht that I their father had nor bene.

What winns I if I gaine the thing I seeke?  
 A dreame, a breath, a froth of fleeting ioy,  
 Who buies a minutes mirth to walle a weeke?  
 Or sels eternitie to get a toy?  
 For one sweete grape who will the vine destroy?  
 Or what sould begetter, but to touch the crowne,  
 Would with the scepter straight be broken downe.

Faire

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

COLATINVS dreame of my intent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Off hither, this vile purpose to prevent?  
His siege that hath ingirt his marriage,  
His blurt to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying vertue, this siruining shame,  
Whose crime will beare an ever-during blame.

What excuse can my inuention make  
When thou shalt charge me with so blacke adeed?  
Will not my tongue be mute, my fraile ioints shake?  
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false hart bleede?  
The guilt beeing great, the feare doth still excede;  
And extreme feare can neither fight nor flie,  
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had COLATINVS kild my sonne or fire,  
Or laine in ambush to betray my life,  
Or were he not my deare friend, this desire  
Might haue excuse to worke vpon his wife:  
As in reuenge or quittall of such strife.  
But as he is my kinsman, my deare friend,  
The blame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shamefull it is: I, if the fact be knowne,  
Latefull it is: there is no hate in louing,  
He beg her loue: but she is not her owne:  
The worst is but deniall and reproouing.  
My will is strong, past reasons weaker remouing:  
Who seares a sentence or an old mans say,  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

Thus gracelesse holds he disputation,  
Twene frozen conscience and hot burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Vrying the worser sence for vantage still.  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects, and doth so farre proceede,  
That what is vile, shewes like a vertuous deede.

Quoth he, she tooke me kindly by the hand,  
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard newes from the warlike band,  
Where her beloued COLATINE lies.  
O how her feare did make her colour rise!  
First red as Roses that on Lawne we see,  
Then white as Lawne the Roses took away.

And how her hand in my hand being lockt,  
Forst it to tremble with her loyall feare:  
Which stroke her fall, and then it faster rockt,  
Vntill her husbands welfare thee did heare.  
Whereat shee smiled with so sweete a cheere,  
That had NANCYVS seene her as she stood,  
Selfe looe had neuer drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?  
All Orators are dumbe when beutie pleadeeth,  
Poore wretches haue remorse in poore abuses,  
Loue thrives not in the hart that shadowes dreaddeth.  
Affection is my Captiue and he leadeeth,  
And when his gaudie banner is displaid,  
The coward flieth, and will not be discayd.

## THE RAPH OF LVCRECE

Then childish feare auaunt, debating die,  
Respect and reason waite on wrinckled age:  
My heart shall neuer countermaund mine eye,  
Sad pause, and deepe regard belecmes the sage,  
My part is youth and beates these from the stage.

Desire my Pilot is, Beautie my prise,  
Then who feares sinking where such treasure lies?

As corne ore-growne by weedes: so heedfull feare  
Is almost choakt by vnresisted lust:  
Away he steales with open listning eare,  
Full of foule hope, and full of fond mistrust:  
Both which as seruitors to the vniust,  
So crosse him with their opposit perswasion,  
That now he vowes a league, and now inuasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image fits,  
And in the selfe same seat fits COLATINA,  
That eye which lookes on her confounds his wits,  
That eye which him beholdes, as more deuine,  
Vnto view so false will not incline;  
But with a pure appeale seekes to the heart,  
Which once corrupted takes the worser part.

And therein heartens vp his seruile powers,  
Who flattered by their leaders iocound show,  
Stuffe up his lust: as minutes fill vp howres.  
And as their Captaine: so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more faultish tribute then they owe.  
By reprobate desire thus madly led,

The Roman Lord murdereth to LVCRECE bed.

B. i.

The

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

The lockes betweene her chamber and his will,  
 Ech one by him inforst retires his ward;  
 But as they open they all rate his ill,  
 Which drives the creeping theefe to some regard,  
 The threshold grates the doore to haue him heard,  
 Night wandring weezels threeke to see him there,  
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his feare.

As each vnwilling portall yeelds him way,  
 Through little vents and cranies of the place,  
 The wind warres with his torch, to make him stay,  
 And blowes the smoake of it into his face,  
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case.  
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
 Puffes forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
 LVCRECEAS gloue, wherein her needle stickes,  
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
 And griping in the needle his finger pricks.  
 As who should say, this gloue to wanton trickes  
 Is not inuirt, retorne againe in hast,  
 Thou seest our mistresse ornaments are chast.

But all these poore forbiddings could not stay him,  
 He in the worst sence considers theis denials:  
 The dores, the wind, the gloue that did delay him,  
 He takes for accidentall things of trial.  
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly diall,  
 Who with a lingring staie his course doth let,  
 Till euery minute payes the heuero his debt.

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

So so, quoth he, these lers attend the time,  
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
To ad a more reioyting to the prime,  
And giue the sneaped birdes more cause to sing.  
Paine payes the income of ech precious thing, (sads  
Huge rockes, high winds, strong pirats, the lues &  
The marchant feares, ere rich at home lie lands.

Now is he come vnto the chamber dore,  
That shuts him from the heauen of his thought,  
Which with a yeelding latch, and with no more,  
Hath bard him from the blessed thing he sought.  
So from him selfe impiecie hath wrought,  
That for his pray to pray he doth begin,  
As if the heauens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his vnfrutfull prayer,  
Hauing sollicitd th'eternall power,  
That his soule thoughts might copasse his fair faire,  
And they would stand auspicious to the howre.  
Euen there he starts, quoth he, I must deslowre,  
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
How can they then assist me in the act?

Then Loue and Fortune be my Gods, my guide,  
My will is backt with resolution:  
Thoughts are but dreames till their effects be tried,  
The blackest sinne is clear'd with absolution.  
Against lones fire, feares frost hath dissolution.  
The eye of Heauen is out, and mistie night  
Covers the shame that followes sweet delight.

## THE RAPE OF LVCCRGE

This said, his guiltie hand pluckt vp the latch,  
And with his knee the dore he opens wide,  
The doue sleepes fast that this night Owle will catch.  
Thus treason workes ere traitors be espied.  
Who sees the lurking serpent steppes aside;  
But shee sound sleeping fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercie of his mortall sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalkes,  
And gazeth on her yet vnstained bed:  
The curtaines being close, about he walkes,  
Rowling his greedie eye-balls in his head.  
By their high treason is his heart mis-led,  
Which giues the watch-word to his hand ful soon,  
To draw the clowd that hides the siluer Moon.

{ Looke as the faire and fierie pointed Sunne,  
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaues our sight:  
Euen so the Curtaine drawne, his eyes begun  
To winke, being blinded with a greater light.  
Whether it is that shee reflects so bright,  
That dazleth them, or else some shame supposed,  
But blind they are, and keepe themselves inclosed.

O had they in that darkesome prison died,  
Then had they seene the period of their ill;  
Then COLATINE againe by LVCCASIA side,  
In his cleare bed might haue reposed still.  
But they must ope this blessed league to kill,  
And holy-thoughted LVCCASIA to their sight,  
Must sell her ioy, her life, her woldes delight.

Her



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Her lillie hand, her rosie cheeke lies vnder,  
Cooſning the pillow of a lawfull kiſſe;  
Who therefore angrie ſeemes to part in ſunder,  
Swelling on either ſide to want his bliſſe.  
Betweene whoſe hills her head intomb'd is;  
Where like a vertuous monument ſhe lies,  
To be admir'd of lewd vnhalloved eyes.

Without the bed her other faire hand was,  
On the greene couerlet whoſe perfect white  
Showed like an Aprill dazie on the graſſe,  
With pearlie ſwet reſembling dew of night.  
Her eyes like Marigolds had ſheath'd their light,  
And canopied in darkeneſſe ſweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like golden threeds plaid with her breath,  
O modeſt wantons, wanton modeſtie!  
Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,  
And deaths dim looke in lifes mortaliſtie.  
Ech in her ſleepe themſelues ſo beautifie,  
As if betweene them twaine there were no ſtriſe,  
But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.

Her breastes like Iuorie globes circled with blew,  
A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,  
Saue of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honored.  
Theſe worldes in T A R Q V I N new ambition bred,  
Who like a fowle vſurper went about,  
From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

What could he see but mightily he noted?  
 What did he note, but strongly he desired?  
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,  
 And in his will his wilfull eye he tyred.  
 With more then admiration he admired  
     Her azure vaines, her alablaster skinne,  
     Her corall lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim Lion fawneth ore his pray,  
 Sharpe hunger by the conquest satisfied:  
 So ore this sleeping soule doth T A R Q V I N stay,  
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified;  
 Slackt, not supprest, for standing by her side,  
     His eye which late this mutinie restraines,  
     Vnto a greater vprore tempts his vaines.

And they like stragling slaues for pillage fighting,  
 Obdurate vassals sell exploits effecting,  
 In blouds death and rauishment delighting;  
 Nor childrens tears nor mothers grones respecting,  
 Swell in their pride, the onser still expecting:  
     Anon his beating heart allarum striking,  
     Gives the hot charge, & bids the doe their liking.

His drumming heart cheares vp his burning eye,  
 His eye commends the leading to his hand;  
 His hand as proud of such a dignitie,  
 Smoaking with pride, marcht on, to make his stand  
 On her bare brest, the heart of all her land;  
     Whose rancks of blew vaines as his hand did scale  
     Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

They mustering to the quiet Cabinet,  
Where their deare gouvernesse and ladie lies,  
Do tell her shee is dreadfullie beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their cries.  
Shee much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt vp eyes,  
Who peeping soorth this tumult to behold,  
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controld.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,  
From forth dull sleepe by dreadfull fancie waking,  
That thinkes shee hath beheld some gastlie sprite,  
Whose grim aspect sets euery ioint a shaking,  
What terror tis: but shee in worser taking,  
From sleepe disturbed, heedfullie doth view  
The sight which makes supposed terror trew.

Wrapt and confounded in a thousand feares,  
Like to a new kild bird shee trembling lies:  
Shee dares not looke, yet winking there appears  
Quicke-shifting Antiques vglie in her eyes.  
Such shadowes are the weake-braines forgeries,  
Who angrie that the eyes flie from their lights,  
In darkenes daunts the with more dreadful sights.

His hand that yet remains vpon her brest,  
(Rude Bam to batter such an Iuorie wall)  
May feele her heart (poore Citizen) distrest,  
Wounding it selfe to death, rise vp and fall;  
Bearing her bulke, that his hand shakes withall.  
This moues in him more rage and lesfer pitee,  
To make the breach and enter this sweet Citie.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

First like a Trumpet doth his tongue begin,  
 To sound a parlie to his heartlesse foe,  
 Who ore the white sheet & peers her whiter chin,  
 The reason of this rash allarme to know,  
 Which he by dum demeanor soekes to show,  
 But thee with vehement prayers vrgeth still,  
 Vnder what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies, the colour in thy face,  
 That euen for anger makes the Lillie pale,  
 And the red rose blush at her owne disgrace,  
 Shall plead for me and tell my louing tale.  
 Vnder that colour am I come to scale  
 Thy neuer conquered Fort, the fault is thine,  
 For those thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou meane to chide,  
 Thy beautie hath ensnar'd thee to this night,  
 Where thou with patience must my will abide,  
 My will that markes thee for my earths delight,  
 Which I to conquer sought with all my might,  
 But as reproofe and reason beat it dead,  
 By thy bright beautie was it newlie bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring,  
 I know what thornes the growing rose defends,  
I thinke the honie garded with a sting,  
 All this before-hand counsell comprehends.  
 But will is deafe, and heares not beedfull friends,  
 Onely he hath an eye to gaze on Beautie,  
 And dotes on what he lookes, gainst law or due tie.

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

I haue debated euen in my soule,  
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall bredd,  
But nothing can affections course controull,  
Or stop the headlong furie of his speed.  
I know repentant teares insewe the deed,  
Reproch, disdain, and deadly enuie,  
Yet strine I to embrace mine infamie.

This said, hee shakes aloft his Romaine blade,  
Which like a Faulcon towring in the skies,  
Coucheth the fowle below with his wings shade,  
Whose crooked beake threats, if he mount he dies.  
So vnder his insulting Fauchion lies  
Harmelesse LVCRETIA marking what he tels,  
With trembling feare: as fowl hear Faulcons bels.

LVCRECE, quoth he, this night I must enioy thee,  
If thou deny, then force must worke my way:  
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.  
That done, some worthlesse slave of thine ile slay,  
To kill thine Honour with thy liues decaie.  
And in thy dead armes doe I meane to place him,  
Swearing I slue him, seeing thee imbrace him,

So thy suruiuing husband shall remaine  
The scornfull marke of euery open eye,  
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
Thy issue blur'd with namelesse bastardie,  
And thou the author of their obloquie,  
Shalt haue thy trespasse cited vp in rimes,  
And sung by children in succeeding time.

But

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

But if thou yeeld, I rest thy secret friend,  
The fault vnknowne, is as a thought vnacted;  
"A little harme done to a great good end,  
For lawfull pollicie remains enacted.  
"The poysonous simple sometime is compacted  
In a pure compound; being so applyed,  
His venome in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband and thy childrens sake,  
Tender my suite, bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no deuise can take,  
The blemish that will neuer be forgot:  
Worse then a flauish wipe, or birth-howres blot,  
For markes descried in mens natiuitie,  
Are natures faultes, not their owne infamie.

Here with a Cockatrice dead killing eye,  
He rowseth vp himselfe, and makes a pause,  
While shee the picture of pure pietie,  
Like a white Hinde vnder the gripes sharpe clawes,  
Pleades in a wildernesse where are no lawes,  
To the rough beast, that knowes no gentle right,  
Nor ought obayes but his fowle appetite.

But when a black-fac'd clowd the world doth thrite,  
In his dim mist th'aspiring mountaines hiding:  
From earths dark-womb, some gentle gust doth get,  
Which blow these pitchie vapours frō their hiding:  
Hindring their present fall by this deuiding.  
So his vnhalloved hast her wordes delays,  
And moodie L V R O winks while Orpheus plays

Yet

## THE RAPE OF LYCRECE

Yet fowle night-waking Cat he doth but dallie,  
While in his hold-fast foot the weak moule plecteth,  
Her sad behauiour feedes his vulture follie,  
A swallowing gulfe that euen in plentie wanteth.  
His eare her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her plaining, (ning.  
"Tears harden lust though marble were with ray-

Her pittie-pleading eyes are sadlie fixed  
In the remorselesse wrinckles of his face.  
Her modest eloquence with sighes is mixed,  
Which to her Oratorie addes more grace.  
Shee puts the period often from his place,  
And midst the sentence so her accent breakes,  
That twise she doth begin ere once she speakes.

She coniures him by high Almighty Ioue,  
By knighthood, gentrie, and sweete friendships oath,  
By her vntimely teares, her husbands loue,  
By holie humane law, and common troth,  
By heauen and earth, and all the power of both:  
That to his borrowed bed he make retire,  
And stoope to Honor, not to fowle desire.

Quoth shee, reward not hospitalitie,  
With such black payment, as thou hast pretended,  
Mudde not the fountaine that gaue drinke to thee,  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended:  
End thy ill ayme, before thy shoote be ended.  
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow,  
To strike a poore vnseasonable Doe.

My

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me,  
Thy selfe art mightie, for thine owne sake leaue me:  
My selfe a weakling, doe not then inshare me.  
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceiue me.  
My sighes like whirlewindes labor hence to heane  
If euer man were mou'd with womā's mones, (thee  
Be moued with my teares, my sighes, my grones.

All which together like a troubled Ocean,  
Beat at thy rockie, and wracke-threatening heart,  
To soften it with their continuall motion:  
For stones dissolu'd to water doe conuert.  
O if no harder then a stone thou art,  
Melt at my teares and be compassionate,  
Soft pittie enters at an iron gate.

In TARQUIN's likenesse I did entertaine thee,  
Hast thou put on his shape, to doe him shame?  
To all the Host of Heauen I complaine me.  
Thou wrong'st his honor, would'st his princely name:  
Thou art not what thou seem'st, and if the same,  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a God, a King;  
For kings like Gods should gouerne euery thing.

How will thy shame be seed'd in thine age  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?  
If in thy hope thou dar'st doe such outrage,  
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?  
O be remembred, no outrageous thing  
From vassall actors can be wipt away,  
Then Kings misdeedes cannot be hid in clay.



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

This deepe will make thee only lou'd for feare,  
But happie Monarchs still are feard for loue;  
With fowle offenders thou perforce must beare,  
When they in thee the like offences proue;  
If but for feare of this, thy will remoue.  
For Princes are the glasse, the schoole, the booke,  
Where subjects eies doe learne, do read, do looke.

And wilt thou be the schoole where lust shall learne?  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
Wilt thou be glasse wherein it shall discerne  
Authoritie for sinne, warrant for blame?  
To priuiledge dishonor in thy name.  
Thou backst reproch against long-liuing lawd;  
And makst faire reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou commaund? by him that gaue it thee  
From a pure heart commaund thy rebell will;  
Draw not thy sword to gard iniquitie,  
For it was lent thee all that broode to kill.  
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfill  
When peruerd by thy fault fowle sin may fly,  
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way.

Thinke but how vile a spectacle it were,  
To view thy present trespasse in another;  
Mens fautes do seldome to themselves appeare,  
Their owne transgressions partially they smother.  
This guilt would seem death-worthie in thy brother.  
O how are they wrapt in with infamies,  
That in their owne misdeeds askeance theiue they?

To

## THE RAFE OF LVCRECE

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp hands appeale,  
Not to seducing lust thy rash relyer;  
I sue for exil'd maiesties repeale,  
Let him returne, and flattering thoughts retire:  
His true respect will prison false desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy dotting eien,  
That thou shalt see thy state, and pierce mine.

Haue done, quoth he, my vncontrolled ride  
Turnes not, but swels the higher by this let.  
Small lightes are soone blowne out, huge fires abide,  
And with the winde in greater furie fret:  
The pettie streames that pale a day's det  
To their salt soueraigne with their fresh falls hast,  
Adde to his flowe, but alter not his tast.

Thou art, quoth shee, a sea, a soueraigne King,  
And loe there falls into thy boundlesse flood,  
Blacked lust, dishonor, shame, mis-gouerning,  
Who seeke to staine the Ocean of thy blood.  
If all these pettie ill shall change thy good,  
Thy sea within a puddles wombe is heried,  
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave,  
Thou noble base, they baselie dignified:  
Thou their faire life, and they thy fowler graue:  
Thou docted in their shame, they in thy pride,  
The lesser thing should not the greater hide.  
The Cedar prospers not to the base shrubs foot,  
But low shrubs wither at the Cedars root.

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

So let thy thoughts low vassals to thy state,  
No more quoth he, by Heauen I will not heare thee.  
Yeeld to my loue, if not inforced hate,  
In steed of loues coy tutch shall rudely teare thee.  
That done, despightfully I meane to beare thee  
Vnto the base bed of some rascall groome,  
To be thy partner in this shamefull doome.

This said, he sets his foote vpon the light,  
For light and lust are deadlie enemies,  
Shame folded vp in blind concealing night,  
When most vnseene, then most doth tyrannize.  
The wolfe hath leazd his pray, the poore lamb crieth  
Till with her own white fleoce her voyce contrould,  
Intombes her outcrie in her lips sweete fold.

For with the nightlie linnen that she weares,  
He pens her piteous clamors in her head,  
Cooling his hot face in the chafteft teares,  
That euer modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
O that prone lust should staine so pure a bed,  
The spots whereof could weeping purifie,  
Her teares should drop on them perpetuallie.

But shee hath lost a dearer thing then life,  
And he hath wonne what he would loose againe.  
This forced league doth force a further strife,  
This momentary ioy breeds months of paine,  
This hot desire conuertes to colde disdain.  
Thus chastitie is killed of her store,  
And luste is shet in faine poorer then before.

Looke

## THE RAPE OF LVQRECE.

Looke as the full-fed Hound, or gorged Hawke,  
 Vnapt for tender smell, or speedie flight,  
 Make slow pursuite, or altogether haake,  
 The praie wherein by nature they delight:  
 So surfet-taking T A A Q Y I N fares this night:  
 His tast delicious, in digestion sowering,  
 Deuours his will that liu'd by foule deuouring.

O deeper sinne then bottomlesse conceit  
Can comprehend in still imagination!  
 Drunken Desire must vomite his receipt  
 Ere he can see his owne abomination.  
 While Lust is in his pride no exclamation  
 Can curbe his heat, or reine his rash desire,  
 Till like a Iade, self-will him selfe doth tire.

And then with lank, and leane discolour'd cheeke,  
 With heauie eye, knit brow, and strengthlesse pace,  
 Feeble desire all secret, poore and meeke,  
 Like to a banckrout begger wailes his case:  
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with grace  
 For there it reuels, and when that decays,  
 The guiltie rebell for remission prays:

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,  
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased,  
 For now against himselfe he soundes this doome,  
 That through the length of times he finds disgraced:  
 Beside his soules faire temple is defaced,  
 To whose weeke ruines must be troopes of cures,  
 To wake the spotted Princess how she fares.

## THE RARE OF LVCRECE

Shee sayes her subiects with fowle insurrection,  
Haue battered downe her consecrated wall,  
And by their mortall fault brought in subiection  
Her immortalitie, and made her thrall  
To liuing death and paine perpetuall.  
Which in her prescience shee controlled still,  
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Eu'n in this thought through the dark-night hee sees  
A captiue victor that hath lost in gaine, (Healeth,  
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
The scarre that will dispiight of Cure remaine,  
Leauing his spoyle perplex in greater paine.  
Shee beares the load of lust he left behinde,  
And he the burthen of a guiltie minde,

Hee like a theeuiſh dog creepes sadly thence,  
Shee like a wearied Lambe lies panting there;  
Hee ſhowles and hates himſelfe for his offence,  
Shee desperat with her nailes her flesh doth teare.  
He faintly flies sweating with guiltie feare;  
Shee ſtates exclaiming on the direfull night,  
Hee runnes and chides his vaniſht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heauie conuertite,  
Shee there remains a hopelesſe caſt-away,  
He in his ſpeed looks for the morning light;  
Shee prays ſhee neuer may behold the day.  
For daie, quoth ſhee, nights ſcapes doth open lay,  
And my true eyes haue neuer practiz'd how  
To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

C. i.

They

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

They thinke not but that every eye can see,  
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;  
And therefore would they still in darkenesse be,  
To haue their vnseene sinne remaine vtold.  
For they their guilt with weeping will vnfold,  
And graue like water that doth eate in Steele,  
Vpon my cheekes, what helpelesse shame I feele.

Here shee exclames against repose and rest;  
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind;  
Shee wakes her heart by beating on her brest,  
And bids it leape from thence, where it may finde  
Some purer cheft, to close so pure a mind.  
Franticke with grieve thus breathes shee forth her  
Against the vnseene secrecie of night (spite,

O comfort-killing night, image of Hell,  
Dim register, and notarie of shadie,  
Blacke stage for tragedies, and murders fell,  
Vast sin-concealing Chaos, nurse of blame,  
Blinde muffled bawd, darke harbor for defame,  
Grim caue of death, whispering conspirator,  
With close-tong'd treason and the rauisher.

O hatefull, vaporous, and foggie night,  
Since thou art guiltles of my curelesse crime:  
Muste thy raists to meete the Easterne light,  
Make war against proportion'd course of time,  
Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime  
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
Knit poysonous cloudes about his golden head.

With

## THE RAPE OF LVGRECE

With rotten damps taint the morning aire,  
Let their exhale vnholosome breaths make sicke  
The life of puritie, the supreme faire,  
Ere he arrive his wearie noon-tide pricke,  
And let thy mustie vapours match so thicke,  
That in their smoakie rankes, his smothered light  
May sit at noone, and make perpetuall night.

Were TARKYEN tight, as he is but nights child,  
The siluer shining Quene he would distaine;  
Her twinkling handmaids to (by him defild)  
Through nights black bosom should not peep again.  
So should I haue copartners in my paine,  
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
As Palmers char makes short their pilgrimage.

Where now I haue no one to blush with me,  
To crosse their armes & hang their heads with mine,  
To maske their browes and hide their infamie,  
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with showres of siluer brine,  
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groanes,  
Poore waisting monuments of lasting moene.

O night thou furnace offowle reeking smoke!  
Let not the iealous day behold that face,  
Which vnderneath thy blacke allhiding cloke  
Immodestly lies martyrd with disgrace.  
Keepe still possession of thy gloomie place,  
That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,  
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

Make me not obiect to the tell tale day,  
 The light will shew characterd in my brow,  
 The storie of sweete chastities decay,  
 The impious breach of holy wedlocke vow,  
 Yea the illiterate that know not how  
 To cipher what is writ in learned bookes,  
 Will cote my lothsome trespasse in my lookes.

The hourse to still her child will tell my storie,  
 And fright her crying babe with TARQVINS name.  
 The Orator to deck his oratorie,  
 Will couple my reproch to TARQVINS shame.  
 Feast-finding minstrels tuning my deame,  
 Will tie the hearers to attend ech line;  
 How TARQVIN wronged me, I COLATINE.

Let my good name, that sencelesse reputation,  
 For COLATINES deare loue be kept vnspoiled:  
 If that be made a theame for disputation,  
 The branches of another roote are rottd;  
 And vnder seru'd reproch to him allotted,  
 That is as cleare from this arraine of mine,  
 As I ere this, was pure to COLATINE.

O vnscene shame, inuisible disgrace,  
 O vnfelt sore, crest-wounding priuat scarre!  
 Reproch is stampd in COLATINES face,  
 And TARQVINS eye may read the mod a farre,  
 "How he in peace is wounded not in warre."  
 "Alas how many beare such shamefull blowes,  
 Which not themselves but he that giues the knowes



## THE RAPPE OF EVCCRCE.

If COLATINE, thine honor laie in me,  
From me by strong assaule it is bereft:  
My honnie lost, and I a Drone-like Bee,  
Haue no perfection of my sommer left,  
But rob'd and satisf'd by iniurious theft.

In thy waake Hiuie a wandring waspe hath crept,  
And suck't the honnie which thy chaste Bee kept.

Yet am I guiltie of thy honors wracke,  
Yet for thy Honor did I entertaine him,  
Comming from thee I could not put him backe:  
For it had beene dishonour to disdain him,  
Besides of wearinesse he did complaine him,  
And talk't of vertue (O vnlook for euill,  
When vertue is prophan'd in such a Deuill.

Why should the worrne intrude the maiden bud,  
Or hatefull kuckcows hatch in Sparrowes nests?  
Or Todes infect faire founts with venomic mud,  
Or tyrant follie lurke in gentle breasts?  
Or Kings be breakers of their owne behests?  
But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impuritie doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffets vp his gold,  
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gout, and painefull fits,  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still pining TANTALVS he sits,  
And vellese barnes the harvest of his wit,  
Hauing no other pleasure of his gaine,  
But torment that it cannot cure his paine.

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

So then he hath it when he cannot vse it,  
 And leaues it to be maistred by his yong;  
 Who in their pride do presently abuse it,  
 Their father was too weake, and they too strong  
 To hold their cursed-blessed Fortune long.  
 "The sweets we wish for, turne to lothed soures,  
 "Euen in the moment that we call them ours."

Vnruly blasts wait on the tender spring,  
 Vnholsome weeds take roote with precious flowers,  
 The Adder kisses where the sweete birds sing,  
 What Vertue breeds, Iniquitie deuours:  
 We haue no good that we can say is ours,  
 But ill-annexed opportunities  
 Or Kils his life, or els his qualitie.

O opportunities thy guilt is great,  
 'Tis thou that executest the traytors treasons,  
 Thou sets the wolfe where he the lambe may get,  
 Who euer plots the sinne thou pointst the season.  
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason,  
 And in thy shadie Cell where none may see him,  
 Sits sin to leaze the soules that wander by him.

Thou makest the vefall violate her oath,  
 Thou blowest the fire when temperance is thawd,  
 Thou spoilest the honestie, thou murderest troth,  
 Thou sowle abettor, thou notorious band,  
 Thou plantest scandall, and displacest law,  
 Thou raisher, thou traytor, thou false chiefe,  
 Thy honie turnes to gall, thy ioy doth grieue.

## THE RAPE OF LYCRECE

Thy secret pleasure turnes to open shame,  
Thy priuate feasting to a publicke fast,  
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,  
Thy sugred tongue to bitter wormewood tast,  
Thy violent vanities can neuer last.

How comes it then, vile opportunitie  
Being so bad, such numbers seeke for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliants friend  
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?  
When wilt thou sort an howre great strifes to end?  
Or free that soule which wretchednes hath chained?  
Giue phisicke to the sicke, ease to the pained?  
The poore, lame, blind, hault, creepe, cry out for  
But they nere meet with oportunitie. (thee,

The patient dies while the Phisician sleeps,  
The Orphane pines while the oppressor feedes.  
Iustice is feasting while the widow weepes.  
Adulfe is sporting while infection breeds.  
Thou graunt'st no time for charitable deeds.  
Wrath, enuy, treason, rape, and murders rages,  
Thy heynous houres wait on them as their Pages.

When Trpeth and yertue haue to do with thee,  
A thousand crosses keepe them from thy aide:  
They buie thy helpe, but sinne nere giues a fee,  
He gratis comes, and thou art well apaide,  
As well to heate, as graunt what he hath saide.

My COLATINE would else haue come to me,  
When TARQUEN did, but he was slaine by thee.

C.iiii.

Guiltie

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

Guiltie thou art of murder, and of theft,  
 Guiltie of periurie, and subornation,  
 Guiltie of treason, forgerie, and shift,  
 Guiltie of incest that abomination,  
 An accessarie by thine inclination,  
 To all sinnes past and all that are to come,  
 From the creation to the generall doome.

Mishapen time, copulate of gly night,  
 Swift subtile post, carrier of gricellie care,  
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
 Base watch of woes, sins packhorse, vertues snare,  
 Thou nourishest all, and murthrest all that are,  
 O heare me then, iniurious shifting time,  
 Be guiltie of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy seruant opportunitie  
 Betraide the howres thou gav'st me to repose,  
 Canceled my fortunes, and in chained me  
 To endlesse date of neuer-ending woes,  
 Times office is to fine the hate of foes,  
 To ease y<sup>e</sup> errors by opinion bred,  
 Not spend the dowie of a lawfull bed.

Times glorie is to calme contending kings,  
 To vnmaske falshood, and bring truth to light,  
 To stampe the seale of time in aged things,  
 To wake the morne, and Centinell the night,  
 To wrong the wronger till he render right,  
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy howres,  
 And sinners with dust their glittering gowres.

To

## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

To fill with worme-holes stately monuments,  
To feede obliuion with decay of things,  
To blot old bookes, and alter their contents,  
To plucke the quile from auncient rauen wings,  
To drie the old oakes sappe, and cherish springs,  
To spoile Antiquities of hammerd Steele,  
And turne the giddle round of Fortunes wheele.

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter;  
To make the child a man, the man a childe,  
To slay the tygre that dooth liue by slaughter,  
To tame the Vnicorne, and Lyon wild,  
To mocke the subtle in themselves beguild,  
To cheare the Plowman with increasfull crops,  
And wash huge stones with little water drops.

Why worke it thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
Vnlesse thou couldst it returne to make amends;  
One poore retyring minute in my age  
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends;  
Lending him wit that to bad doctors lends;  
O this dread night, would it thou one houre come  
I could prevent this storme, and stay thy wracke.

Thou ceaselesse huckle to Eternitie,  
With some misaduaunce crosse thy way in his;  
Deuise extremes bey and extremes  
To make him curse this curlew of night;  
Let gully-mallows his lewd eyes affright  
And the dre thought of his corrupted will  
Shape euery bush a hideous diabolus.  
Disturbe

## THE R A P E O F L V C R E C E

Disturbe his howres of rest with restlesse trauels,  
 Afflict him in his bed with bedred grones,  
 Let there bechaunce him pitifull mishaptes,  
 To make him mone, but pitie not his mores:  
 Stone him with hardred hearts harder then stones,  
 And let mild women to him loose their mildnesse,  
 Wilder to him then Tygers in their wildnesse.

Let him haue time to teare his curled haire,  
 Let him haue time against himselfe to raue,  
 Let him haue time at times helpe to despaire,  
 Let him haue time to liue a loched slaue,  
 Let him haue time a beggers ors to craue,  
 And time to see one that by almes doth liue,  
 Disdaine to him disdained scraps to giue.

Let him haue time to see his friends his foes,  
 And merrie fooles to mocke at him resort  
 Let him haue time to marke how slow time goes  
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
 His time of follie, and his time of sport.  
 And euer let his yare calling crime  
 Haue time to waile the abusing of his time.

O time thou tutor both to good and bad,  
 Teach me to curse him that thou taughtest this ill:  
 At his owne shadow let the theofortunes mad,  
 Him selfe, him selfe seeke euery where to kill.  
 Such wretched hands such wretched blood should  
 For who so base would such an office haue,  
 As scilandrous deaths man to so base a slaue.

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The baser is he comming from a King,  
To shame his hope with deedes degenerate,  
The mightier man the mightier is the thing  
That makes him bonord, or begets him hate:  
For greatest scandall waits on greatest state.  
The Moone being clouded, presently is mist,  
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The Crow may bath his coaleblack wings in mire,  
And vnperceau'd flie with the filth away,  
But if the like the snow-white Swan desire,  
The staine vppon his filuer Downe will stay.  
Poore grooms are fightles night, kings glorious day,  
Gnats are vnnoted where soere they flie,  
But Eagles gaz'd vppon with euery eye.

Out idle wordes, seruants to shallow fooles,  
Vnprofitable sounds, weake arbitrators,  
Busie your selues in skill contending schooles,  
Debate where pleasure serues with dull debators:  
To trembling Clients be you mediators,  
For me, I force noe argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the helpe of law.

In vaine I raile at oportunitie,  
At time, at T A N Q V I N, and vnchearefull night,  
In vaine I scull with mine infamie,  
In vaine I spurne at my confirm'd delight,  
This helpelesse smoake of wordes doth me no right.  
The remedie in deede to doe me good,  
Is to let forth my fowle defiled blood.

Poore

# THE RAPE OF LYRECE

Poore hand why quierest thou this delectable  
Honor thy selfe to rid me of this shamefull  
For if I die, my Honor liues in thee,  
But if I liue thou liu'st in my defame,  
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyall Dame,  
And wast affeard to scratch her wicked Fo,  
Kill both thy selfe, and her for yeelding so.

This said, from her betombed couch shee starteth,  
To finde some deip'rat Instrument of death,  
But this no slaughter house no toole imparteth,  
To make more vent for passage of her breath,  
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth.  
As smoake from *A W A*, that in aire consumes,  
Or that which from discharged Cannon fumes.

In vaine (quoth shee) I liue, and seeke in vaine  
Some happie meane to end a haplesse life,  
I fear'd by *T A X Q V I N S* Dauchion to beaine,  
Yet for the selfe same purpose seeke a knife,  
But when I fear'd I was a loyall wife,  
So am I now, & no that cannot be,  
Of that true tipe hath *T A X Q V I N* rised me.

O that is gone for which I sought to liue,  
And therefore now I need not feare to die,  
To cleare this spot by death (at least) I giue  
A badge of Fame to sclanders limerie,  
A dying life, to liuing infamie:  
Poore helpless' helpe, the treasure shoue away  
To burne the guiltlesse casket where it lay.



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Well well deare COLATINA, thou shalt not know  
The stained tast of violated troth:  
I will not wrong thy true affection so,  
To flatter thee with an infringed oath:  
This bastard grasse shall neuer come to growth,  
He shall not boast who did thy stocke pollute,  
That thou art doting father of his fruite.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state,  
But thou shalt know thy intrest was not bought  
Basely with gold, but stolne from forth thy gate,  
For me I am the mistresse of my fate,  
And with my trespasse neuer will dispence,  
Till life to death acquit my forst offence.

I will not poyson thee with my attaint,  
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coyn'd excuses,  
My fable ground of sinne I will not paint,  
To hide the truth of this false nights abuses.  
My tongue shall vtter all, mine eyes like fluces,  
As from a mountaine spring that feedes a dale,  
Shall gush pure streames to purge my impure tale

By this lamenting Philomele had ended  
The well tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,  
And solemne night with slow sad gate descended  
To ougly Hell, when loe the blushing morrow  
Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow.  
But cloudie LVCRECE shames her selfe to see,  
And therefore still in night would cloistred be.

Reuealing

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Revealing day through euery crannie spies,  
 And seemes to point her out where she sits weeping,  
 To whom shee lobbing speakes, & eye of eyes, (ping,  
 Why pry'st thou through my window? leaue thy pee-  
 Mock with thy tickling beams, eyes that are sleeping  
 Brand not my forehead with thy percing light,  
 For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cauils shee with euery thing shee sees,  
 True grieve is fond and testie as a childe,  
 Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees,  
 Old woes, not infant sorrowes beare them milde,  
 Continuance tames the one, the other wilde,  
 Like an vnpractiz'd swimmer plunging still,  
 With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So shee deepe drenched in a Sea of care,  
Holds disputation with ech thing shee viewes,  
And to her selfe all sorrow doth compare,  
No obiekt but her passions strength renewes,  
And as one shiftes another straight insewes,  
 Sometime her grieve is dumbe and hath no words,  
 Sometime tis mad and too much talke aloordes.

The little birds that tune their mornings ioy,  
 Make her mones mad, with their sweet melodie,  
 "For mirth doth search the bottome of annoy,  
 "Sad soules are slaine in merrie companie,  
 "Griefe best is pleas'd with griefes societie,  
 "True sorrow then is feelinglie suffix'd,  
 "When with like semblance it is sympathix'd.

"Tis

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

"Tis double death to drowne in ken of shore,  
"He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,  
"To see the salue doth make the wound ake more:  
"Great grieve greeues most at that wold do it good;  
"Deepe woes rowle forward like a gentle flood,  
"Who being stopt, the bounding banks oreflowes,  
"Griefe dallied with, nor law, nor limit knowes.

You mocking Birds (quoth she) your tunes intombe  
Within your hollow swelling feathered breasts,  
And in my hearing be you mute and dumbe,  
My restlesse discord loues no stops nor rests:  
"A wofull Hostesse brookes not merrie guests.  
"Ralish your nimble notes to pleasing cares,  
"Distres likes dups whe time is kept with teares.

Come Philomele that sing'st of rauishment,  
Make thy sad groue in my disheveld heare,  
As the danke earth weepes at thy languishment:  
So I at each sad straine, will straine a teare,  
And with deepe grones the Diapason beare:  
For burthen-wise ile hum on T A R Q V I N still,  
While thou on T A R B V S descants better skill,

And whiles against a thorne thou bear'st thy part,  
To keepe thy sharpe woes waking, wretched I  
To imitate thee well, against my heart  
Will fixe a sharpe knife to affright mine eye,  
Who if it winke shall thereon fall and die.  
These meanes as frets vpon an instrument,  
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.  
And

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

And for poore bird thou sing'st not in the day,  
 As shaming any eye should thee behold;  
 Some darke deepe desert seated from the way,  
That knowes not parching heat, nor freezing cold  
 Will wee find out; and there we will vnfold  
 To creatures stern, sad tunes to chaunge their kinds,  
 Since mé prouie beasts, let beasts bear gétle minds

{ As the poore frighted Deare that stands at gaze,  
 Wildly determining which way to flie,  
 Or one incompast with a winding maze,  
 That cannot tread the way out readilie:  
 So with her selfe is shee in mutinie,  
 To liue or die which of the twaine were better,  
 When life is sham'd and death reproches detter.

To kill my selfe, quoth shee, alacke what were it,  
 But with my body my poore soules pollution?  
They that loose halfe with greater patience beare it  
Then they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.  
 That mother tries a mercilesse conclusion,  
 { Who hauing two sweet babes, when death takes  
 { Will slay the other, and be nurse to none. ( one,

My bodie or my soule, which was the dearer?  
 When the one pure, the other made deuine,  
 Whose loue of either, to my selfe was nearest?  
 When both were kept for Heauen and Cona<sup>st</sup>ntine  
 Ay me, the parke pild from the löfrie pine,  
 His leaues will wither, and his sap decay,  
 So must my soule her barke being pild away.

Her

## THE RABE OF LVGRECE.

Her house is sackt, her quiet interrupted,  
Her mansion bartered by the enemy,  
Her sacred temple spotted, spoylede, corrupted,  
Gröſſe ingirt with daring infamie.  
Then let it not be cald impietic,  
If in this blemishd fort I make some hole,  
Through which I may conuay this troubled soule.

Yet die I will not, till my COLATINE  
Haue heard the cause of my vntimely death,  
That he may vow in that sad houre of mine,  
Reuenge on him that made me stop my breath,  
My stained blood to TARQUIN ile bequeath,  
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,  
And as his due writ in my testament.

My Honor ile bequeath vnto the knife  
That wounds my bodie so dishonored,  
His Honor to de prius dishonord life,  
The one will liue, the other being dead.  
So of shames ashes shall my Fame be bred,  
For in my death I murder shamefull Corne,  
My shame so dead, mine honor is new borne.

Deare Lord of that deare lewell I haue lost,  
What legacie shall I bequeath to thee?  
My resolution loue shall be thy boſt,  
By whose example thou reueng'd mayst be.  
How TARQUIN must be slay'd, read it in me,  
My selfe thy friend will kill my selfe thy foe,  
And for my sake seque thou false TARQUIN so.

D.i.

This

Her

# THE RAPE OF IVORECE.

This brieft abridgement of my will I make,  
 My soule and body to the skies and ground:  
 My resolution Husband doe thou take,  
 Mine Honor be the knives that makes my wound,  
 My shame be his that did my Fame confound;  
 And all my Fame that lyes disbursed be,  
 To those that live and thinke no shame of me.

Thou COLATINS shalt oversee this will,  
 How was I overseene that thou shalt see it?  
 My bloud shall wash the slander of mine ill,  
 My lifes foule deed my lifes faire end shall free it.  
 Faint not faint heart, but shortly say so be it,  
 Yeeld to my hand, my hand shall conquer thee,  
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when fadde shee had laid,  
 And wip't the brinish pearle from her bright eyes,  
 With vntun'd tongue shee hoarslie cald her maid,  
 Whose swift obedience to her mistresse hies.  
 "For fleet-wing'd duetie with thoughts feathers flies,  
 Poore LYCABEA cheeks vnto her maid seeme so,  
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistresse shee doth giue demure good morrow,  
 With soft slow-tongue, true marke of modestie,  
 And sorts a sad looke to her Ladies sorrow,  
 (For why her face wore sorrowes luerie.)  
 But durst not aske of her audacioussie,  
 Why her two suns were clowd eclipsed so,  
 Nor why her faire cheeks over-waith with woe.

But

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But as the earth doth weepe the Sun being set,  
Each flowre moistned like a melting eye:  
Euen so the maid with swelling drops gan wet  
Her circled eien inforst, by sympathie  
Of those faire Suns set in her mistresse skie,  
Who in a salt wau'd Ocean quench their light,  
Which makes the maid weepe like the dewy night.

A prettie while these prettie creatures stand,  
Like Iuones conduits corall cesters filling:  
One iustly weepes, the other takes in hand  
No cause, but companie of her drops spilling.  
Their gentle sex to weepe are often willing,  
Greeuing themselves to gesse at others smart,  
And then they drowne their eies, or break their  
(hart.

For men haue marble, women waxen mindes,  
And therefore are they form'd as marble will,  
The weake oppress, th' impression of strange kindes  
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.  
Then call them not the Authors of their ill,  
No more then waxe shall be accounted euill,  
Wherein is stamp't the semblance of a Deuill.

Their singothnesse, like a goodly champaigne plaine,  
Lies open all the little wormes that creepe,  
In men as in a rough growne groue remaine  
Caue-keeping euils that obscurely sleepe  
Through churche hall wals ech little mote will peepe,  
Though we ca couer crimes with bold stern looks  
Poore womens faces are their owne faults books.

D. II:

No

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

No man inueighs against the withered flowre,  
 But chide rough winter that the flowre hath kild,  
 Not that deuour'd, but that which doth deuoure  
 Is worthie blame, & let it not be hild  
 Poore womens faults, that they are so fullfill'd  
 With mens abuses, those proud Lordes to blame,  
 Make weak-mad wome tenants to their shame.

The president whereof in LVCRECE view,  
 Assail'd by night with circumstances strong  
 Of present death, and shame that might inue  
 By that her death to do her husband wrong,  
 Such danger to resistance did belong,  
That dying feare through all her bodie spread,  
And who cannot abuse a bodie dead?

By this milde patience bid faire LVCRECE speake,  
 To the poore counterfaite of her complayning,  
 My girl, quoth shee, on what occasion breake  
 Those teares fro thee, that downe thy cheeks are rais  
 If thou dost weepe for griefe of my sustaining: (ning)  
 Know gentle wench it shall auails my mood,  
 If teares could helpe, mine own would do me good

But tell me girl, when went (and there shee staide,  
 Till after a deepe grone) TANCYIN from hence,  
 Madam ere I was vp (repl'd the maide,)  
 The more to blame my luggard negligence.  
 Yet with the fault I thus farre can dispence:  
 My selfe was stirring ere the breake of day,  
 And ere I rose was TANCYIN gone away.

But



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

But Lady, if your maide may be so bold,  
Shee would request to know your heaviness:  
(O peace quoth L. V. C. R. C. E.) if it should be told,  
The repetition cannot make it lesse:  
For more it is, then I can well expresse,  
And that deepe torture may be cal'd a Hell,  
When more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Go get me hither paper, inke, and pen,  
Yet saue that labour, for I haue them heare,  
(What should I say) one of my husbands men  
Bid thou be readie, by and by, to beare  
A letter to my Lord, my Loue, my Deare,  
Bid him with speede prepare to carrie it,  
The cause craues hast, and it will soone be writ.

Her maide is gone, and she prepares to write,  
First houering ore the paper with her quill:  
Concept and grieve an eager combat fight,  
What wit sets downe is blotted straight with will.  
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill,  
Much like a presse of people at a dore,  
Throng her inuentions which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: thou worthie Lord,  
Of that vnworthie wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person, next, vouchsafe t' afford  
(If euer loue, thy L. V. C. R. C. E. thou wilt see)  
Some present speed, to come and visite me:  
So I commend me, from our house in grieve,  
My woes are tedious, though my words are briebe.

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

Here folds shee vp the tenure of her woe;  
Her certaine sorrow writ vncertainely;  
By this short Cedula COLATINE may know  
Her grieve, but not her griefes true qualitie;  
Shee dares not thereof make discouery,  
Lest he should hold it her owne grosse abuse,  
Ere she with bloud had stain'd her stain'd excuse,

Besides the life and feeling of her passion,  
Shee hoords to spend, when he is by to heare her;  
When sighs, & grones, & tears may grace the fashio  
Of her disgrace, the better so to cleare her  
From that suspicio which the world might beare her.  
To shun this blot, shee would not blot the letter:  
With words, till action might becom the better.

To see sad sights, moues more then heare them old;  
For then the eye interprets to the eare  
The heauie motion that it doth behold,  
When euerie part, a part of woe doth beare:  
Tis but a part of sorrow that we heare,  
Deepe sounds make lesser noise the shallow foords  
And sorrowebs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ  
At ARDEA to my Lord with more then hast,  
The Post attends, and she deliuers it  
Charging the slow-fac'd groomes, to high as fast  
As lagging fowles before the Northerne blasts  
Speed more then speed, but dul & slow the deets,  
Extremities still vrgeth such extremes.

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

The homely villaine cūfies to her low,  
 And blushing on her with a stedfast eye,  
 Receaues the scroll without or yea or no,  
 And forth with bashfull innocence doth hie.  
 But they whose guilt within their bosomes lie,  
 Imagine euerie eye beholds their blame,  
 For LVCRECE thought, he blusht to see her shame.

When scellie Groome (God wor) it was defect  
 Offspirite, life, and bold audacitie,  
 Such harmlesse creatures haue a true respect  
 To talke in deedes, while others fauclie  
 Promise more speed, but doe it leysurelie.

Even so this patterne of the worne-out age,  
 Paw'd honest lookes, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duetie kindled her mistrust,  
 That two red fires in both their faces blazed,  
 Shee thought he blusht, as knowing TARQUINs lust,  
 And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;  
 Her earnest eye did make him more amazed.

The more she saw the bloud his cheekes replenish,  
 The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long shee thinkes till he returne againe,  
 And yet the dutious vassall scarce is gohe,  
 The wearie time shee cannot entertaine,  
 For now tis stale to sigh, to weepe, and grone,  
 So woe hath wearied woe, mone tired mone,  
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
 Pawing for means to mourne some newer way.

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE. ST

At last shee calls to mind where hangs a peece  
Of skilfull painting, made for PRYAMS Troy,  
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,  
For HELENS rape, the Citty to destroy,  
Threatning cloud-kissing ILLION with annoy,  
Which the conceived Painter drew so proud,  
As Heauen (it seem'd) to kisse the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable obiects there,  
In scorne of Nature, Art gaue liuelesse life,  
Many a drie drop seem'd a weeping teare,  
Shed for the slaughtered husband by the wife.  
The red blood reek'd to shew the painters strife,  
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashie lights,  
Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring Pyoner  
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust,  
And from the towres of Troy, there would appeare  
The verie eyes of men through loope-holes thrust,  
Gazing vppon the Greekes with little lust,  
Such sweet obseruance in this worke was had,  
That one might see those farre of eyes looke sad.

In great commanders, Grace, and Maiestie,  
You might behold triumphing in their faces,  
In youth quick-bearing and dexteritie,  
And here and there the Painter interlaces  
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces.  
Which hardesse peasants did so wel relemble,  
That one would sweare he saw the quake & treble.

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

In A I A X and V L T S S S, O what Art  
Of Physiognomy might one behold!  
The face of cyther cypher'd cythers heart,  
Their face, their manners most expressly told,  
In A I A X eyes blunt rage and rigour rold,  
But the mild glance that flie V L T S S S lent,  
Shewed deepe regard and smiling gouernment.

There pleading might you see grane N E S T O R stand,  
As were encouraging the Greekes to fight,  
Making such sober action with his hand,  
That it beguild a attention, charm'd the sight,  
In speech it seem'd his beard, all siluer white,  
Wag'd vp and downe, and from his lips did flie,  
Thin winding breath which pur'd vp to the skie.

About him were a presse of gaping faces,  
Which seem'd to swallow vp his sound aduice,  
All ioyntly listning, but with severall graces,  
As if some Marmalade did their eares intice,  
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice,  
The scalpes of many almost hid behind,  
To lump vp higher seem'd to mocke the minde.

Here one mans hand leand on anothers head,  
His nose being shadowed by his neighbours eare,  
Here one being throng'd bears back all boin, & red,  
Another smotherd, seemes to peck and swear,  
And in their rage such signes of rage they beare,  
As but for losse of N E S T O R golden words,  
It seem'd they would debate with angrie swords.

For

## THE RABE OF LYCREE

For much imaginarie worke was there,  
 Concept deceitfull, so compact so kinde,  
 That for ACHILLES image stood his speare  
 Gript in an Armed hand, him selfe behind  
 Was left vnseene, saue to the eye of mind,  
 A hand, a foote, a face; a leg, a head  
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the wals of strong besieged TROY, (field,  
 When their braue hope, bold HECTOR march'd to  
 Stood manie Trojan mothers sharing ioy,  
 To see their youthfull sons bright weapons wield,  
 And to their hope they such odde action yeeld,  
 That through their light ioy seemed to appeare,  
 (Like bright things staine) a kind of heauie feare.

And from the strand of DARDAN where they fought,  
 To SIMOIS reddie banks the red bloud ran,  
 Whose waues to imitate the battaile fought  
 With swelling ridges, and their rankes began  
 To breake vppon the galled shore, and than  
 Retire againe, till meeting greater ranckes  
 They ioyne, & shoot their some at SIMOIS backs.

To this well painted peece is L. VERGENE come,  
 To finde a face where all distresse is held,  
 Manie shee sees, where cares haue carned some,  
 But none where all distresse and dolor dweld,  
 Till shee dispayring HECUBA beheld,  
 Staring on PRIAMS wounds with her old eyes,  
 Which bleeding vnder PARISVS proud foot lies.

In

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

In her the Painter had anathomiz'd  
Times ruine, beauties wracke, and grim cares raig,  
Her cheeks with chops and wricles were disguiz'd,  
Of what shee was, no semblance did remaine:  
Her blew blood chang'd to blacke in euery vaine,  
Wanting the spring, that those shrunke pipes had  
Shew'd life imprison'd in a bodie dead. (sad,

On this sad shadow LVCRECE spends her eyes,  
And shapes her sorrow to the Beldames woes,  
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
And bitter words to ban her cruell Foes.  
The Painter was no God to lend her those,  
And therefore LVCRECE swears he did her wrong,  
To giue her so much griefe, and not a tong.

Poore Instrument (quoth shee) without a sound,  
He tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,  
And drop sweet Balme in PARIS painted wound,  
And raile on PARIS that hath done him wrong;  
And with my tears quench Troy that burnes so long;  
And with my knife scratch out the angrie eyes,  
Of all the Greekes that are thine enemies.

Shew me the strumpet that began this stir,  
That with my nailes her beautie I may tear:  
Thy heat of lust fond PARIS did incur  
This lode of wrath, that burning Troy doth beare;  
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here,  
And here in Troy for trespass of thine eye,  
The Sire, the sonne, the Dame and daughter die.

Why

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

Why should the private pleasure of some one  
 Become the publicke plague of manie moe?  
 Let sinne alone committed, light alone  
 Vppon his head that hath transgressed so.  
 Let guiltlesse soules be freed from guiltlesse woe,  
 For ones offence why should so many fall?  
 To plague a priuate sinne in generall.

Lo here weepes HECUBA, here PRIAM dies,  
 Here manly HECTOR faints, here TROIUS sounds,  
 Here friend by friend in bloudie channell lies:  
 And friend to friend giues vnaduised wounds,  
 And one mans lust these many liues confounds.  
 Had doting PRIAM checkt his sonnes desire,  
 TROY had bin bright with Fame, & not with fire.

Here feelingly shee weepes TROYS painted woes,  
 For sorrow, like a heauie hanging bell,  
 Once set on ringing, with his owne waight goes,  
 Then little strength rings out the dolefull knell,  
 So LVCRECE, let a worke, sad tales doth tell  
 To pencil'd penfinenes, & colour'd sorrow, (row,  
 She lends them words, & she their looks doth bor-

Shee throwes her eyes about the painting round,  
 And who shee finds forlorne, shee doth lament:  
 At last shee sees a wretched image bound,  
 That pitious lookes, to Phrygian shepheards lent,  
 His face though full of cares, yet shew'd content,  
 Onward to TROY with the blunt swaines he goes,  
 So mild that patience seem'd to scorne his woes.

In



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE.

In him the Painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and giue the harmelesse show  
An humble gate, calme lookes, eyes wayling still,  
A brow vnbeut that seem'd to welcome wo,  
Cheekes, neither red, nor pale, but mingled so,  
That blushing red, no guiltie instance gaue,  
Nor ashie pale, the feare that false hearts haue.

But like a constant and confirmed Deuill,  
He entertain'd a show, so seeming iust,  
And therein so ensconcr his secret euill,  
That Iealousie it selfe could not mistrust,  
False creeping craft, and Periurie should thrust  
Into so bright a day, such blackfac'd stormes,  
Or blot with Hell-borne sin such Saint-like forma.

The well skil'd workemati this mild Image drew  
For periu'r'd S I N O N, whose inchaunting storie  
The credulous old P R I A M after flew.  
Whose words like wild fire burnt the shining glorie  
Of rich-built I L L I O N, that the skies were forie,  
And little starres shot from their fixed places,  
Whe their glas sel, wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture shee aduisedly perus'd,  
And chid the Painter for his wondrous skill.  
Saying, some shape in S I N O N's was abus'd,  
So faire a forme lodg'd not a mind so ill,  
And still on him shee gaz'd, and gazing still,  
Such signes of truth in his plaine face shee spide,  
That she concludes, the picture was belied.

It

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile;  
 (Shee would haue said) can lurke in such a looke!  
 But TARQVINs shape, came in her mind the while,  
 And from her tongue, can lurke, from cannot, tooke  
 It cannot be, shee in that sence forsooke,  
 And turn'd it thus, it cannot be I find,  
 But such a face should beare a wicked minde.

For euen as subtilt SYMON here is painted,  
 So sober sad, so wearie, and so milde,  
 (As if with griefe or trauaile he had fainte)  
 To me came TARQVIN armed to beguile  
 With outward honellie, but yet defile  
 With inward vice, as PRIAM him did cherish:  
 So did TARQVIN, so my Troy did perish.

Looke, looke how listning PRIAM wets his eyes,  
 To see those borrowed teares that SYMONs bleed,  
 PRIAM why art thou old, and yet not wise?  
 For every teare he is a Trojan bleed:  
 His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;  
 Those round clear pearls of his that moue thy pittie  
 Are balls of quenchlesse fire to burne thy Citie.

Such Devils steale effects from lightlesse Hell,  
 For SYMON in his fire doth quake with cold,  
 And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwell,  
 These contraries such ynicie do hold  
 Onely to flatter fookes, and make them bold,  
 So PRIAM strutt false SYMON strait doth flatter,  
 That he finds means to burne his Troy with water.

Here

## THE RAPE OF IVRECH

Here all intrag'd such passion her affailes,  
 That patience is quite beaten from her breast,  
 Shee teares the sencelesse S & W o w with her nailes,  
 Comparing him to that vnhappy guest,  
 Whose deede hath made her selfe, her selfe detest,  
 At last she smilingly with this giues ore,  
 Foole foole quoth she, his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebs and flowes the currant of her sorrow,  
 And time doth wearie time with her complayning,  
 Shee looks for night, & then she longs for morrow,  
 And both she thinks too long with her remainyng,  
 Short time seems long, in sorrowes sharp sustayning,  
 Though woe be beaue, yet it seldome sleepe,  
 And they that watch, see time, how slow it creepe.

Which all this time hath ouerslpt her thought,  
 That shee with painted Images hath spent,  
 Being from the feeling of her own griefe brought,  
 By deepe surmise of others detriment,  
 Loosing her woes in shewes of discontent:  
 It easeth some, though none it euer cured,  
To thinke their dolour others haue endured.

But now the mindfull Messenger come backe,  
 Brings home his Lord and other company,  
 Who finds his L y c r a c clad in mourning blacke,  
 And round about her teare-distained eye  
 Blew circles stream'd like Rain-bowes in the skie.  
 These watergalls in her dim Element,  
 Foretell new stormes to those already spent.  
Which

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECH.

Which when her sad beholding husband saw,  
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:  
Her eyes though sod in teares look'd red and raw,  
Her lively colour kil'd with deadly cares,  
He hath no power to aske her how she fares,  
Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,  
Met far from home, wondring ech others chance.

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse hand,  
And thus begins: what vncouth ill event  
Hath thee befallne, that thou dost trembling stand?  
Sweete loue what spite hath thy faire colour spent?  
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?  
Vnmaske deare deare, this moodie heauinesse,  
And tell thy griefe, that we may giue redresse.

Three times with sighes shee giues her sorrow fire,  
Ere once shee can discharge one word of woe:  
At length addrest to answer his desire,  
Shee modestlie prepares, to let them knowe  
Her Honor is tane prisoner by the Foer,  
While COLATINE and his comforted Lords,  
With sad attention long to heare her wordes.

And now this pale Swan in her watrie nest,  
Begins the sad Dirge of her certaine ending,  
Few wordes (quoth shee) shall fit the trispaile best,  
Where no excuse can giue the fault amending.  
In the more woes then words are now depending,  
And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
T' tell them all with one poore tired tongue.

# THE NAME OF EVANGEL

Then be this all the task it hath to say,  
Deare husband in the interest of thy bed  
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay;  
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weare head;  
And what wrong else may be imagined,  
By foule inforcement might be done to me,  
From that (alas) thy L v c a c a is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of danks midnight,  
With shining Fauchion in my chamber came,  
A creeping creature with a flaming light,  
And softly cryed, awake thou Romaine Dame,  
And entertaine my loue, else lasting shame  
On thee and thing this night I will inflict,  
If thou my loues desire do contradict.

For some hard fauour'd Groome of thine, quoth he,  
Vnlesse thou yoke thy liking to my will  
He murther straight, and then he slaughter thee,  
And sweare I found you where you did fulfill  
The lothsome act of Lust, and so did kill.  
The lechors in their deed, this act will be  
My fame, and thy perpetuall infamie.

With this I did begin to start and cry,  
And then against my heart he sets his sword,  
Swearing, vnlesse I took all patiently,  
I should not liue to speake another word.  
So should my shame still rest vpon record,  
And neuer be forgot in mightrie Roomes.  
Th' adulterous death of L v c a c a, & her Groomes  
Mine enemies was strong, my poore selfe weak,  
(And faine did fight with so strong a force)

E. I.

My

## THE TALE OF LUCRECE

My bloudie Iudge forbod my tongue to speake,  
No rightfull plea might plead for Iustice there.  
His scarlet Lust tunc cundence to swaie.

That my poore beautie had purloin'd his eyes,  
And when the Iudge is rob'd the prisoner dies.

O teach me how to make mine owne excuse,  
Or (at the least) this refuge let me finde,  
Though my grosse blood be stained with this abuse,  
Immaculate, and spotlesse is my mind,  
That was not forc'd, that neuer was inclin'd  
To accessarie yeeldings, but still pure  
Doth in her poyson'd closet yet endure.

Lo heare the hopelesse Marchant of this losse,  
With head inclin'd, and voyce dar'd vp with wo,  
With sad set eyes and wretched armed beuile,  
From lips new waxen pale, begins to blow  
The griefe away, that stops his answer so.  
But wretched as he is he strives in vaine,  
What he breathes out, his breath drinks vp againe.

As through an Arch, the violent roaring tide,  
Outruns the eye that doth behold his fall:  
Yet in the Edie boundeth in his pride,  
Backe to the strait that forst him on to fall.  
In rage sent out, to cold in rage being past,  
Euen to his sighes, his sorrowes make a stay,  
To push griefe on, and back the same griefe draw.  
Which specklesse woe of his poore selfe attendeth,  
And his vntimely death thus sheweth,  
Deare Lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
Another power, to stand by raining blood.

# THE RABE OF CRECE.

My woe too forcible the passion walked  
More feeling painfull, let it then suffice  
To drowne on woe, one paire of weeping eyes.

And for my sake when I might challenge thee to,  
For thee that was thy L. y. o. a. e. y. now attend me,  
Be sodainelle reuenged on my bed.  
Thine, mine, his owne, suppose thou dost defend me  
From what is past, the hope that thou shalt lend me  
Comes all to naught, yet let the Fugger die,  
For spring Iustice seeks no chide.

But ere I name him, you faire Lords, quoth she,  
(Speaking to those that came with C. of LATINE)  
Shall plaie your Honourable eares to me,  
With swift parable to venge this wrong of mine.  
For tis a meritorious faire designe,

To chase iniustice with reuerend iustice,  
Knights be she is a chaste should right to be had.

At this request, with noble disposition,  
Each present Lord began to promise aid,  
As bound in Knighthood to her impudencie,  
Longing to heare the likefull Forbearing.  
But shee that yet her task had not said,

The protestation shee, I speak againe,  
How may this inford flame be wip'd from me?

What is the quantity of my offence?

Being constrained with dreadfull circumstances,

May my pure mind with the foule act dispence?

My low declined Honor to aduance?

May my termes acquit me from this offence?

The payed of sinne the cleare is guiltie A

# THE BARE OF LYCHES.

And why not I from this compelled faine?  
 With this they all at once began to say,  
 Her bodies staine, her minde vntainted cleares,  
 While with a ioylesse smile, shee turned away  
 The face, that map which deepe impression beares  
 Of hard misfortune, car'd it in with teares,  
 No no, quoth shee, no Dame hereafter liuing  
 By my excuse shall claime excuse giuing  
 Here with a sigh, if her heart would breake,  
 Shee throwes forth, as if it were her heire,  
 But more then he, her poore tongue could not speak  
 Till after many accents and delayers  
 Vntimely breathings, sicke and short allayes,  
 Shee vnters this, be he faire Lordes, as he  
 That guides this hand to giue this wound to me,  
 Euen here shee sheathed in her hams left breast  
 A harmefull knife, that wounds her soule and fleshed,  
 That blow did baile it from the deepe yrest  
 Of that polluted prison, where inbreathed  
 Her contrite sighes vnto the cloudes bequeathed  
 Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth  
 Lives lasting date, from cancel & defunct.  
 Stone still, as if shee with this deadly deed,  
 Stood COLATINE, and all her loodly grew  
 Till LYCHES Father, that beholds her bleed  
 Himselfe, on her selfe, slaughtered backe threw  
 And from the purple fountaine, as it were  
 The murderous knife, and as it left the place  
 Her blood in poore reuenge, held it in chase  
 And bubbling from her breast, it doth daunce



## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

In two flow'ring years, that the crimson blood  
Circles her bodie in on euery side,  
Wholike a late sack't Iland vastly stood  
Bare and vnpeopled, in this fearefull flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,  
And some look'd black, & that false TARGYIN stain'd.

About the mourning and eongeaed face  
Of that blacke blood, a watterie rigoll goes,  
Which seemes to weepe vpon the tainted place,  
And thus since as pittying LVCRECE woes,  
Corrupted blood, some waterie token shoves,  
And blood vntainted, still doth red abide,  
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

Daughter, deare daughter, old LVCRECE cries,  
That life was mine which thou hast here deprived,  
If in the child the fathers image lies,  
Where shall I find now LVCRECE is vnlied?  
Thou hast not to this end from me deriued.

If children prae deesse progenitours,  
We are short of spring and they none of ours.

Poore broken glasse, I often did behold  
In thy sweet semblance, my old age new borne,  
But now that faire fresh mirror dim and old  
Shewes me a pale bon'd death by time out-worne,  
O from my cheekes my image thou hast torne,  
And shined all the beautie of my glasse,  
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time cease thou thy course and last no longer,  
If they surcease to be that should suruiue:  
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,

And

# THE RABE OF LYCARGE

(And leaue the foultring feeble soules aliue,  
The old Bees die, the young possesse their hie,  
Then liue sweete LYCARGE, liue againe and see  
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts COLATYNE from a dreame,  
And bids LYCARGE giue his sorrow place,  
And than in key-cold LYCARGE bleeding streame  
He fals, and bathes the pale feare in his face,  
And counterfaits to die with her a space.

Till manly shame bids him possesse his breath,  
And liue to be reuenged on her death.

The deepe veration of his inward soule,  
Hath seru'd a dumbe arrest vpon his tongue,  
Whomade that sorrow should his vie controll,  
Or keepe him froth heauy-casting wordes so long,  
Begins to talke, but through his lips do throughe  
Weake words, for thick some in his poore harts aid,  
That no man could deliue such what he said.

Yet sometime TALENT was pronounced plaine,  
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,  
This windie tempest, till it blow vp raine,  
Held backe his sorrowes tide, to make it more.  
At last it raibes, and busie winde giue out  
Then sonne and father weepe with equal strife,  
What should weepe most for daughter, or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
Yet neither may possesse the claime they say,  
The father saies, she's mine, & mine she is,  
Replies her husband, doe not take away  
My signet interest, let no stealer say.

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

(He weepes for her, for shee was onely mine,  
And onely must be wail'd by COLATINE.

O, quoth LVCRATIVS, I did glue that life  
Which thee to carely and too late hath spild.

Woe woe, quoth COLATINE, shee was my wife,  
I ow'd her, and tis mine that shee hath kil'd.

My daughter and my wife with clamors fill'd  
The disperst aire, who holding LVCRACE Hfe,  
Answer'd their cries, my daughter and my wife.

BRYTUS who pluck't the knife from LVCRACE side,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,

Began to cloath his wit in state and pride,

Burying in LVCRACE wound his follies shew,

Hee with the Romans was esteem'd so

As scell'd seering idiots are with Kings,

For sportive words, and vnting foolish things.

But now he throwes that shallow habit by,

Wherein deepe pollicy did him disguise,

And arm'd his long hid wits aduisedlie,

To checke the teares in COLATINVS eyes.

Thou wronged Lord of Rome, quoth he, arise,

Let my vnfounded selfe suppos'd a foole,

Now let thy long experienc't wit to schoole.

Why COLATINE, is woe the cure for woe?

Do wounds helpe wounds, or grieife helpe grienous

Is it reuenge to giue thy selfe a blow,

For his fowle Act, by whom thy faire wife bleeds?

Such childish humor from weak minds proceeds,

Thy wretched wife mistooke the matter so,

To slaie her selfe that should haue slaine her Foe.

Couragi-

## THE RAPE OF LVCRECE

Couragious Romaine do not sleepe thy hart  
In such solenting dew of Lamentations,  
But kneele with me and helpe to beare thy part,  
To rowse our Romaine Gods with inuocations,  
That they will suffer these abominations,  
(Since Rome her self in the doth stand disgraced,)  
By our strong arms fro forth her fair streets chased.

Now by the Capitoll that we adore,  
And by this chaste blood so vniustly stained,  
By heauens faire sun that breeds the fat earths store,  
By all our countrey rights in Rome maintained,  
And by chaste LVCRECE soule that late complained  
Her wrongs to vs, and by this bloudie knife,  
We will reuenge the death of this true wife.

This said, hee strooke his hand vpon his breast,  
And gide the fittall knife to end his vow:  
And to his protestation vrg'd the rest,  
Who wondring at him, did his words allow.  
Then iointlie to the ground their knees they bow,  
And that deepe vow which BAYRVS made before,  
He doth againe repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworne to this aduised doome,  
They did conclude to beare dead LVCRECE thence  
To shew her bleeding bodie thorough Roome,  
And so to publish TARQVINS fowle offence;  
Which being done, with speedie diligence,  
The Romaines pausible did giue consent,  
To TARQVINS euermlasting banishment.

FINIS.

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